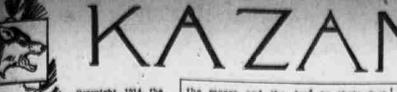
EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1916.

sky were in the threes of a terrific



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CHAPTER XIII-(Continued). R a long time Kazan and Gray Wolf did not move, and when at last they

For a long time Kazan and Gray Wolt full not move, and wherh at last thay returned to the beaten trail the bull's have head was resting on the snow. Again they began to circle, and now the source of the state of the snow. Again they began to circle, and now the source of the snow. Again they began to circle, and now the state of the state of the snow. The state of the snow of the snow the snow of the snow the snow of the snow of the snow of the snow the snow of the snow of the snow of the snow the snow of the snow of the snow of the snow the snow of the snow of the snow of the snow the snow of the snow of the snow of the snow of the snow the snow of th

For them the days of famine had

CHAPTER XIV THE RIGHT OF FANG.

FTER the fight Kazan lay down ex-A hausted in the blood-stained snow, while faithful Gray Wolf, still filled with the endurance of her wild wolf breed, tore fercely at the thick skin on the bull's neck to lay open the red flesh. When she had done this she did not eat, but ran to Kasan's side and whined softly as she muzzled him with her nose. After that they feasted, crouching side by side at the sull's neck and tearing at the warm sweet

The last pale light of the northern day The last pale light of the northern day was fading swiftly into night when they drew back, gorged until there were no longer hollows in their sides. The faint wind died away. The clouds that had hung in the sky during the day drifted eastward, and the moon shone brilliant and clear. For an hour the night con-tinued to grow lighter. To the brilliance of the moon and the stars there was added now the pale fires of the aurora borealis, shivering and flashing over the orealis, shivering and flashing over the

Its hissing, crackling monotone, like the Its hissing, cracking monotone, like the creaking of steel sledge-runners on frost-filled anow, came faintly to the ears of Kazan and Gray Wolf. As yet they had not gone 100 yards from the dead bull, and at first sound of

from the dead buil, and at first sound of the strange mystery in the northern skies they stopped and listened to it, alert and maplicious. Then they laid their ears asiant and trotted slowly back to the meat they had killed. Instinct told them that it was theirs only by right of fang. They had fought to kill it. And it was in the It was theirs only by right of rang. They had fought to kill it. And it was in the law of the wild that they would have to fight to keep it. In good hunting days they would have gone on and wandered under the moon and stars. But long days and nights of starvation had taught them exceptions different now. sthing different now.

On that clear and stormless night following the days of plague and famine 100000 hungry creatures came out from their retreats to hunt for food. For 1800 miles east and west and 1000 miles north and south slim, gnunt-bellied creatures hunted under the moon and the stars. mething told Kazar and Gray Wolf i this hunt was on, and never for an tant did they cease their vigilance. At that this

Instant did they cease their vigilance. At isst they lay down at the edge of the apruce thicket and waited. Gray Wolf imuside Kazan zently with her blind face. The uneasy whine in her throat was a warning to him. Then she sniffed the air and listened-sniffed and listened. Suddenly every muscle in their bodies from figid. Something living had passed near them, something that they could not see or hear and scarcely scent. It came again, as mysterious as a shadow, and then out of the ain there floated down as silently as a huge snowflake a great white alently as a huge snowflake a great white owi, Kazan saw the hungry winged crea-ture settle on the bull's shoulder. Like a flash he was out from his cover the

he was out from his cover, Gray th an angry

the moose and the deef to their feet waited like a note of death through swamp and forest and over the snow mothered ridges until its faintest echoes reached for miles into the starilt night. There was allence, and in that awesome shoulder to shoulder facing the cry, and in response to that cry there worked for what they had heard was not a warn in response to that cry there worked for what they had heard was not a warn and the fasher-cat, were the bood. Away off there-beyond the lynk here that all of Brother hood. Away off there-beyond the lynk off, asting back on her haunches, sent forther hood of the Wolf. And Gray wildenees, the Brotherhood of the Wolf. And Gray wildenees are the totage shad for a moment brother the real to the trans. The dog draw back, and for a moment the fange gleanned over Gray Wolf wolf will be the trans. The dog draw back, and for a moment brother the trans. The dog draw back, and for a moment brother the trans. The big husky was the leader of the brother the trans.

And the lynx, between those two orles, sneaked off into the wide and meenlit spaces of the forest.

CHAPTER XV.

A FIGHT UNDER THE STARS. ON THEIR haunches Kazan and Gr y Wolf waited. Five minutes passed, ten -fifteen-and Gray Wolf became uneasy. No response had followed her call. Again she howled, with Kazan quivering and listening beside her, and again there followed that dead stillness of the night.

This was not the way of the pack. She knew that it had not gone beyond the reach of her volce and its allence puzzled her. And then in a flash it came to them her. And then in a flash it came to them both that the pack, or the single wolf whose cry they had heard, was very near them. The scent was warm. A few mo-ments later Kazan saw a moving object in the moonlight. It was followed by an-other, and still another, until there were five slouching in a half-circle about them, 70 yards away. Then they laid themi selves flat in the snow and were motion-less. leng.

A snarl turned Kazan's eyes to Gray Wolf. His blind mate had drawn back. Her white fangs gleamed menacingly in the starlight. Her cars were flat. Kazan was puzzled. Why was she signaling dan-ger to him when it was the wolf, and not the lynx out there in the snow? And why did the wolves not come in and feast? Slowly he moved toward them, and Gray Wolf called to him with her whine. He paid no attention to her, but went on, stepping lightly, his head high in the air, his spine bristling

In the scent of the strangers, Kazan was catching something now that was strangely familiar. It drew him toward them more swiftly and when at last he stopped 20 yards from where the little group lay flattened in the snow, his thick brush waved tlightly. One of the animals sprang up and approached. The others followed and in another moment Kazan was in the midst of them, smelling and was in the milist of them, smelling and smelled, and wagging his tail. They were dogs, and not wolves.

In some lonely cabin in the wilderness their master had died, and they had taken

The big husky was the leader of the pack, and if one of the other dogs had maried at him as Kazan snarled he would have leaped at his threat. But in Kazan, standing fierce and half wild over Gray Wolf, he recognized none of the seridom of the sledge-dogs. It was mae-ter facing master; in Kazan it was more than that for he was Gray Wolf's mate. In an initiant more he would have leaped over her body to have fought for her. over her body to have fought for her, more than for the right of leadership. But the big husky turned away sullenly, growling, still snaring, and vented his rage by nipping flercely at the flank of one of his sledge-mates.

Gray Wolf understood what had happened, though she could not see. She shrank closer to Kazan. She knew that the moon and the stars had looked down on that thing that always meant deathon that thing that always meant death-the challenge to the right of mata. With her luring coyness, whining and softly muzzling his shoulder and neck, she tried to draw Kazan away from the pad-beaten circle in which the bull lay. Kazan's answer was an ominous rolling of smoth-ered thunder deep down in his throat. He lay down beside her, licked her blind face swiftly, and faced the stranger

dogs. The moon sank lower and lower and at last dropped behind the western forests. The stars grew paler. One by one they faded from the sky and after a time there followed the cold gray dawn of the North. In that dawn the big husky leader rose from the hole he has made in the snow and returned to the bull. Kazan, alert, was on his feet in an instant and stood also close to the bull. The two circled ominously, their heads lowered, their creats bristling. The husky drew

away, and Kazan crouched at the bull's neck and began tearing at the frozen flesh. He was not hungry. But in this way he showed his right to the flesh. his defiance of the right of the big husky For a few seconds he forgot Gray Wolf. The husky had slipped back like a shadow and now he stood again over Gray Wolf, sniffing her neck and body. Then he whined. In that whine were the passion the invitations, the demand of the Wild

So quickly that the eye could scarcely follow her movements faithful Gray Wolf

battle. The four other huskies ran in quickly and atood waiting a doran paces from the combatants. Gray Wolf lay orouched on her belly. The stant husky and the quarter strain wolfdog were not fighting like sledge dog or wolf. For a few mo-ments rage and hatred made them fight like mongrels. Both had holds. Now one was down, and now the other, and so swiftly did they change their posi-tions that the four waiting sledge dogs were pussied and stood motionless. Under upon the first of the fighters to be thrown upon his back and torn him to pleces. CURWOOD upon his back and torn him to pleces. That was the way of the wolf and the wolf dog. But now they stood back, hesi-tating and fearful.

tating and fearful. The big husky had never been beaten in battle. Great Dane ancestors had siven him a buge bulk and a jaw that could crush an ordinary dog's head. But in Kazan he was meeting not only the dog and the wolf, but all that was best in the two. And Kazan had the advantage of a few hours of rest and a full stomach. More than that, he was fighting for Gray Wolf. His fangs had sunk deep in the husky's shoulder, and the husky's long teeth met through the hide and fiesh of his neck. An inch deeper, and they would have pierced his jugular. Kazan knew have pierced his jugular. Kazan know this, as he crunched his enemy's shoulder bone, and every instant-even in their forcest struggling-he was guarding against a second and more successful lunge of these powerful jaws.

At last the lunge came, and quicker than the wolf itself Kazan freed himself and leaped back. His chest dripped blood, but he did not feel the hurt. They began slowly to circle, and now the watching sledge-dogs drew a step or two nearer, and their jaws drooled nervously and their red eyes glared as they waited for the fatal moment. Their eyes wated for the fatal moment. Their eyes were on the big husky. He became the pivot of Kasan's wider circle now, and he limped as he turned. His shoulder was broken. His ears were flattened as he watched Kazan.

Kazan's cars were erect, and his feet touched the snow lightly. All his fighting cleverness and all his caution had re-turned to him. The blind rage of a few moments was gone and he fought now as he had fought his deadliest enemy, the long-clawed lynx. Five times he circled around the husky, and then, like a shot, around the husky, and then, like a shot, he was in, sending his while weight against the husky's shoulder, with the momentum of a 10-foot leap behind it. This time he did not try for a hold, but slashed at the husky's jaws. It was the deadliest of all attacks when that merci-less tribunal of death stood waiting for the first fall of the vanguished. For a fail of the vanguished. For a the first fail of the vanguished. For a fatal moment he rolled upon his side and in the moment his four sledge-, lates were upon him. All of their hatred of the weeks and months in which the long-fanged leader had builted them in the traces was concentrated upon him now, and he was literally torn into pieces.

Kazan pranced to Gray Wolf's side and, with a joyful whine, she laid her head over his neck.

Twice he had fought the Fight of Death for her. Twice he had won. And in her blindness Gray Wolfs soul-if soul she had-rose in exultation to the cold gray sky, and her breast panted against Ka-zan's shoulder as she listened to the crunching of fangs in the flesh and bone the more renowned visiting quartets. Maurice Leefson, planist, and Mr. Kindler, of the foe her lord and master had overthrown

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

their master had died, and they had taken to the forests. They still bore signs of the sledge traces. About their necks were moosehide collars. The hair was worn short at their fanks, and one still dragged after him three feet of corded bablehe trace. Their eyes gleamed red and hungry in the glow W. J. Price to Talk on Current Events Warwick James Price will deliver an address tonight at his home, 512 South fist street, upon "Current Events." This will be the first of a series of talks upon this subject that Mr. Price will deliver



Average Maximum and the set of the

WHAT do you think of a woman who, although the family income is only \$15 Where there are more men it take more food. It also depends on a man' job. Mine is a railroader, which mean good vitality must be kept up. I have a week, manages to provide not only good food and comfortable quarters for her husband and children, but h.s a dollar good vitality must be kept up. I hav three husky sons and one baby daugh ter. Watch special sales and you will three husky sons and one baby daughe ter. Watch special sales and you will plck up wonderful bargains. Look around, compare prices, buy coal in sum-mer, pay cash whenever you can-it will give you an extra dessert now and then. My rent is %, but I get \$1.50 for rent of a room. I therefore have a better home and locality. left for them to amuse themselves at the movies"?

'ceillat, were the soloists. The players introduced a movement from Gilere's quartet op. 2, which showed the composer to be one of the little-known Russian genluses of the past gen-eration. The theme and variations, with its typically Slavic song as a motif, and its throughly musicianly development. throbbed with dramatic intensity, and possessed all the originality of invention characteristic of the best composers of his day. Gilere was an anteur in rank. This was only one of the surprises in the first contributions to the household budget contest that was launched on Monday. Judging from the merit of the and locality.

Monday. Judging from the merit of the first letters, awarding the prizes is go-ing to be a difficult matter. Evidently there are a number of expert economists among Philadelphia's housewives. In the sample budgets published on Monday, which were tabulated by ex-perts, there were no items for insurance or savings. It was held that to feed, clothe, house, amuse and keep warm a family of five on \$30 a week was all that was humanly possible. But our contributors know better. Be-low are published three budgets. In every

low are published three budgets. In every one provision has been made for the rainy day. Mrs. B., for instance, not only puts a dollar by for a Christmas fund, but remembers the building association

but remembers the building association and the insurance man. The contest is open to all. For the most practical, the most economical bud-get, a prize of \$5 will be given. The sec-ond prize will be \$3, and two additional prizes of \$1 each will be given. Letters should be written on one side of the paper colv

paper only. The following are some of the budgets already submitted

lready submitted: Dear Editor-I herewith submit my and homemaking. My

Mrs. B. S. L. Dear Editor-My husband's salary is \$15 a week and I have three children, which makes my family five in all to feed. I manage out of that and we have a cory little home and eat very good of good, plain, substantial food. I buy two pounds of meat a day and one-half peck of pota-toes, besides other necessities. Some-times I have \$1 a week left to put inte-the savings have the savings bank.

My budget is:

Here is how I manage: Rent 5.00 2.50 "Movies" 1.00 "Operating expenses 1.75 .75

*Operating expenses-heat and light. Mrs. H. W.

\$14.00

\$20.00

171

Amusements, clothes, carfare, 4.50

Operating expenses.....



GOOD-NIGHT TALK

I know, my dear children, some of you have been wondering WHY I took the name "RAINBOW." Suppose you try to think what is the most beautiful thing in nature? I am sure you will say that it is the rainbow, and that is why the name was taken. There are other things about our button which are very beautiful, for on it we find the pot of gold and the three words, "Faith, Hope, Love," but we could show only one word and that was FAITH.

We must have faith, first of all, in ourselves, for that is the secret of all success and then we must have faith in those who are near and dear to us. The thought of saying unkind things about those around us is simply

any of worth. Haydn's D Major Quartet. No. 35, opened the program. It is much more in-teresting to a twentieth century audience than most of the old master's works, showing more freedom and spontaneity than is usually found. Mr. Kindler played three splendid solos, two by Camille Zeckwar, one of Philadelphia's best was very happy because she knew she had fulfilled her pledge. Are all the Rainbows happy at night for that

A Modern Columbus

very same reason?

Welf a yard behind him. With an anary mari he lunged at the white robber and his jaws snapped on empty air. His leap carried him clean over the bull. He turned, but the owl was gone. Nearly all of his old strength had re-

turned to him now.

He trotted about the bull, the hair along He trotted about the buil, the nair mone his spine bristling like a brush, his eyes wide and menacing. He snarled at the still air. His jaws clicked, and he sat back on his haunches and faced the blood-stained trail that the moose had left before he died. Again that instinct as infailible as reason told him that dan-ter would come from there.

Etr would come from there. Like a red ribbon the trail ran back through the wilderness. The little swift-moving ernine were everywhere this night, looking like white rats as they They where the the set of the train hight, looking like white rats as they dedged about in the moonlight. They were first to find the trail, and with all the ferocity of their blood-eating nature followed it with quick, exciting leaps. A fox caught the scent of it a quarter of a mile to windward and came nearer. From out of a deep windfall a beady-syed, thin-bellied fishercat came forth and stopped with his feet in the crimson ribbon.

It was the fishercat that brought Kaan out from under his cover of spruce again. In the moonlight there was a marp, quick fight, a snarfing and scratch-ing, a catile yowl of pain and the fisher forgot his hunger in flight. Kazan re-turned to Gray Wolf with a lacerated and biseding nose. Gray Wolf licked it sym-pathetically, while Kazan stood rigid and

The fox awung swiftly away with the The for swing swiftly away with the wind, warned by the sounds of conflict. He was not a fighter, but a murderer who diled from behind, and a little later he imped upon an owl and tore it into bits for the half pound of flesh within the mass of feathers. But nothing could drive back those lit-tle white outlaws of the wildermess-the

But nothing could drive back those lit-tic white outlaws of the wilderness—the similar. They would have stolen between the feet of man to get at the warm flesh and blood of the freshly killed bull. Ka-san hunted them savagely. They were to quick for him, more like elusive fathea in the moonlight than things of its. They burrowed under the old bull's bedy and fed while he raved and filled he mouth with anow. Gray Wolf ast blacting on her haunches. The little er-mine did not trouble her, and after a time Karan realized this and flung himself down heside her, panting and exhausted. Yor a long time after that the night was almost unbroken by sound. Once in the far distance there came the erry of a wolf, and now and then, to punctuate

the far distance there came the cry of a wolf, and now and then, to punctuate its deathly slience, the snow owi hooted in theod-curding protest from his home in the spruce.tops. The moon was straight above the old bull when Gray Wolf scented the first real danger. Instantly she sgave the warming to Kazan and faced the bloody trait her lithe body quivering, her fanzy that in the startight, a smarting winne in her throat. Only in the face of their deadliest enemy, the lynx-the terrible fighter who had blinded her lonz as in that battle on the Sun Rock-did the state of the source of the training density of the source of the state of the source of destination of the source of the sou

lack of faith on our part.

We should have faith in our mother, for she watches over us and never forgets us. We must have faith in our father, for he is the PROVIDER and we must KNOW that he is working hard for us and we must have faith in him and his work. We must have faith in our relatives, for they are related to us and if we SPEAK LIGHTLY OF THEM, we reflect upon our own selves, for we are all the same family. We must have faith in others to make them have faith in us.

BOOST your mother. Boost your father, because he gives you what you NEED, even though it be a spanking. Boost your relatives and friends and last but not least, BOOST YOURSELF when you go to bed and no one is around to hear you.

Oh, yes! Don't forget to boost FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB, for I am going to BOOST YOU-watch and see.

FARMER SMITH. Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER.

RAINBOW CLUB PRIZE OFFER

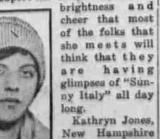
Philadelphia should be known all over the United States as THE city where the children LOVE to go to school and to bring this about, FARMER SMITH'S RAINBOW CLUB, through the EVENING LEDGER, will offer ten (\$10) IN GOLD to that boy or girl who will answer the following questions in the best manner before February 8, 1916. The next fifteen children who answer the questions in the next best manner will each receive one dollar (\$1). In case of a tie for the first prize, the ten dollars will be equally divided between the two who have answered in the most satisfactory manner. It is not necessary to buy the EVENING LEDGER to compete for these prizes. The money for the prizes will be mailed February 21 as a Washington's Birthday present from the EVENING LEDGER, through Farmer Smith's Rainbow Club. Here are the questions, which must be answered on ONE side of the paper only, and mailed BEFORE FEBRUARY 8:

(1) What do you like about your school?

- (2) What do you dislike about your school?
- (3) What do you like about your home?
- (4) What do you dislike about your home?

(5) What can you suggest to bring your home and your school closer together?

Our Postoffice Box Let me introduce to you Rose Mungiole, of South 8th street. She was one of the first young ladies to join the "Rainbows." Rose has traveled in Italy and knows what real sunlight is! We expect her to spread so much



ROSE MUNGIOLE

but she manages to write a nice little of coal. She wouldn't take any money letter and to tell the "Postoffice Box" for her kindness and that night she (Five credits.)

that she likes very much to read the stories in the EVENING LEDGER. Carolyn Schaefer, Walnut street, has an opinion to offer about the little girl and the pennies. She says, "I think her mother was wrong because she encouraged the child to be careless." We think so, too, Carolyn.

Mrs. A. Bennison, Waterloo street, sends in the name of the youngest member of the Rainbow Club. "Baby" Bendison is just two months old. Of course, she couldn't sign our pledge, but she spread so much sunshine by just being her own lovable little self that her mother knew the dimples and the smiles meant, "please make me a

Rainbow." avenue, Atlantic Camden, did a very kind act the other City, N. J., is only 7 years old, day by helping a lady carry some bags

Bessie Presowine, Baring street,

14 R

Here's to the Land of Happy Days, Where care and work are lightened By Farmer Smith (our editor's) ways

Here's to the Land of Faith, Hope and

Sunshine is in session. Lo, in the name of the Rainbow Club,

I hereby take possession!

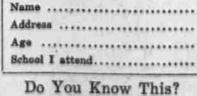
Drawing and poem by Rose Fisher, South 4th street.

A Game for Boys

(Printed at the request of James Daly, South Rosewood street.)

Suspend a bracelet by a string to a gas fixture in the middle of a room. Make bullets of the silver paper that come wrapped about chocolate and provide each player in the game with the same number of bullets. The players stand in turn at a certain distance from the gas fixture and aim to throw the bullets through the bracelet. Five points are scored every time a bullet goes through. The boy who scores 50 points first wins the game.

Farmer Smith, Children's Editor, EVENING LEDGER, Philadelphia. I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club and agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY-SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.



1. How many words can you make out of OBEDIENCE? (Five credits.) 2. What State in the Union becomes an exclamation of surprise when it is abbreviated? (Five credits.)

3. What is wrong with this sentence: "Frank would have came."

planists and composers. The final number was Sinding's Quintet Op. 5. Those who know Sinding only through his parlor piece, "Fruehlin-gsrauschen." were very much surprised to find so much real music in the Quin-tet. The opening joyous, victorious alle-gro, and the beautiful andante are among the best in chamber music. Mr. Leefson was the fifth member in the quintet. His was the fifth member in the quintet. His playing was at all times clear and sym-pathetic, although occasionally he played with so much power that he became a solutet and was no longer a member of a

Mary to Her Son Sieep soft, sleep warm, Oh, little son upon my arm! Thou'rt mine for such a little while, To lie upon my breast and smile-And smiling, my sad heart beguile.

cellist, were the soloists.

any of worth.

planists and composers.

his day. Gliere was an amateur in rank. but, judging from last night's number, not in ability. He was a wealthy youth who associated himself, for the love of it,

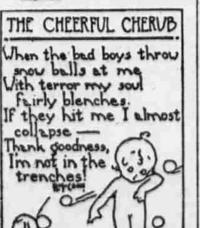
with Moussergsky, Borodin, Rimsky-Kor-sakoff, Cesar Cui and Glazounow. Little is known of his other works-if there are

On yonder hill there groweth tall A tree whose shadows strangely fall In shapes that none save I may see. Oh, hill of awe and mystery! O, little Son, upon my knee!

Have pity, Lord, I am afraid! Tam but just a woman, made For love and love's sweet simple things-To hush my babe upon my breast,

To lie with him at quiet rest Until the dawn awakening brings!

But hush thee, new, my child, and sleep, For God and angels watch will keep. Thou art His Son, as Thou art mine. Sleep softly new among the kine. My little Son-my Son and Tthine! -Julia Neely French, in Bouthern Wom Maguaine.



You Can

Depend Absolutely

upon the PURITY

and FRESHNESS of

Deerfoot Farm Sausage.

breakfast, say tomorrow

Be sure to say DEERFOOT

or next day.

Just bake some for

family consists of tax persons. I am in fair health and do my work. I bake home-made bread, which, besides the save over the baker's, is more nourishing when properly baked. I do home serv-ing, preserving and canning in season.

In winter I use plenty of beans, peas, commeal and oatmeal, with their many ways of serving. I buy cheaper cuts of meat, but cook longer. By all means buy a casserole; it soon pays for itself. Buy dry groceries in bulk when prac-ticable and you have room. Don't buy cheap clothes. A woman with moderate can always be well dressed by means using foresight and judgment. Use quie colors. Buy between seasons; tak colors. proper care of your clothes, also of your umbrella. Don't leave it closed when wet. Don't waste heat or light.

Dear Editor-This is the way I manage \$20 a week: Food \$7.00 Rent *Operating expense..... Clothing *Operating expense includes ments, laundry and carfare.





And by the Rainbow brightened.

Love,